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THE GIFT OF
WM. CHANNING GANNETT,
OF BOSTON, MASS.,
(Class of 1860),
4 October, 1871.

STRAWS

BY

N E M O, *trans. from the French*
Roland Firmin Coffin

A HOLIDAY GIFT.

"A drowning man will catch at a straw,"
And "stern necessity knows no law."

✓
CAMBRIDGE:
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I DEDICATE
THIS LITTLE VOLUME,
THESE "STRAWS," FLOATING ON THE GREAT OCEAN OF LITERATURE,
TO THOSE KIND HEARTS WHOSE FRIENDSHIP IS SHOWN BY ITS PURCHASE;
EVEN AS
"STRAWS SHOW WHICH WAY THE WIND BLOWS."

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
A SUNDAY-SCHOOL EXCURSION	9
THE DIORAMA	12
THE SILVER WEDDING	16
SONG FOR A SCHOOL EXHIBITION	19
ON THE DEATH OF A SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER	21
ON A WREATH, PRESERVED FROM THE COFFIN OF A YOUNG GIRL	24
DAWN	25
ASSAULT ON HON. CHARLES SUMNER IN THE UNITED STATES SENATE	27
RETZSCH'S DRAWING OF THE GAME OF LIFE	30
THANKSGIVING EVENING	34
TO A FRIEND ON HER MARRIAGE	37
TO SUMMER	40
ON RECEIVING A BOUQUET	42
MERIT'S MEED	45
TO AN INFANT	48
FOR AN ALBUM	50
ON THE DEATH OF A LITTLE BOY	52
TO A FRIEND ON HER BIRTHDAY, WITH A BOUQUET	54
TO A FRIEND ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF HER MARRIAGE	56
LINES FROM SCHOLARS WHO HAD RECEIVED CARDS OF MERIT, TO THEIR TEACHER	59
A NEW-YEAR'S WISH	62
TO A FRIEND	65

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND	67
ON THE DEATH OF MISS L. G. F.	69
LINES SUGGESTED BY A REPORT OF THE MINISTERS OF THE POOR	71
WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM	78
THE DEATH OF ———	75
ANNUAL MEETING OF TEACHERS, SCHOLARS, AND FRIENDS, AT FANEUIL HALL	77
THE FISHER BOY	80
TO A PORTRAIT	83
RURAL WALKS	86
TO A FRIEND	88
A SISTER'S WELCOME	90
A NEW-YEAR'S WISH, WITH A WREATH	92
A FRIEND'S DEATH	93
EVENING MUSINGS	95
A FRAGMENT	97
"THE SOCIABLES"	100
TO A CHILD ON HER BIRTHDAY	103
TWILIGHT	105
CHAPEL FLOWER-GIRL'S SONG	107
TO A CHILD	109
NIGHT	111
THE SACRIFICE	113
A NEW-YEAR'S WISH	115
VALENTINES	117-182
A DYING CHILD TO HER FRIENDS	133
THE STAR IN THE EAST	135
ANNIVERSARY HYMN FOR WARREN STREET CHAPEL	139
HYMN	142
A CHILD'S HYMN	145
HYMN	147
DEDICATION HYMN	149
SUNDAY-SCHOOL HYMN	151
CHILD'S CHAPEL HYMN	153
THOUGHTS BY MOONLIGHT	155
AN ADDRESS, WRITTEN WITH THE THOUGHT OF READ- ING BEFORE THE PUBLIC	157

P O E M S.

"The floating straw looks up to the sky."

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL EXCURSION.

**ON a morning, lovely, glorious,
With glad-beating hearts we strayed,
Where fair Nature reigns victorious,
In the quiet greenwood shade.**

**There with joy we met together,
'Neath the shade of leafy trees,
While the branches made sweet music,
Rustling in the summer breeze.**

Filled with love, each heart rejoices,
Breathing forth the secret prayer,
While young children's sweet-toned voices
Float upon the balmy air.

Hour of gladness, scene of beauty,
Radiant all around, above,
Speaking to the soul of duty,
Hope, and Faith, and heavenly Love!

Every bosom beat with gladness;
Brightly beamed each glancing eye;
Banished gloomy care and sadness,
As the hours rolled gayly by.

Hymns of praise broke forth, ascending
To the vaulted, azure sky;
Birds' sweet notes with childhood's blending,
Mingling in one harmony.

Teachers, Friends, with heartfelt kindness,
Words of love, and precepts, brought
To dispel our mental blindness,
Lead our souls to holy thought.

Soon the lengthened shadows, stealing,
Whisper softly, "Hence! away!
To your homes, with holy feeling,
Hasten, with the sun's last ray."

Once more, round the Pastor pressing,
Listening to his earnest prayer,
All receive his fervent blessing,
As they, parting, home repair.

Day of Happiness and Pleasure!
Ne'er wilt thou forgotten be,
But 'mid Memory's choicest treasure
We will guard and cherish thee.

THE DIORAMA.

At sweet and balmy twilight time,
I strolled along the street,
Amid the hum of voices,
And the pattering of feet.
When, suddenly, upon my ear
Soft tones of music fell, —
The tones of martial music, which
In youth I loved so well.

I paused within an open door,
And listened to the sound ;
Then mounted up the winding stair,
Nor rested, till I found

The source of those sweet, witching strains,
That o'er my fancy threw
A veil of golden visions bright;
But O the glorious view!

Before me was the mimic scene
Of Trenton's battle-ground,
With marching bands of soldiers,
And bold horsemen moving round.
The sound of heavy cannon, and
The spangled banner high,—
Ah! England's noble grenadiers
Before our fathers fly!

I sat and gazed upon the scene
Until it passed away,
While busy memory told the tales,
My grandsire used to say.
And then another picture came,
With singing birds and flowers,
With the many blooming, beauteous things,
That dwelt in Eden's bowers.

Beneath the tree of knowledge sat
The happy, guiltless pair,
Amid the blessings spread around,
That God had given them there ;
For sin not yet had entered in,
This joyous place to blight ;
But all seemed brilliant, gorgeous, fair,
And radiant with delight.

At length the vision faded, as
A thing too bright to last ;
And was numbered with the beauties,
And the treasures of the past.
A change came o'er the blooming scene, —
I saw the billowy sea ;
A noble ship, with sails unfurled,
Was moving gloriously.

Soon o'er the swelling wave appears
Another ship of war ;
A brilliant flash of light is seen,
And heard the cannon's roar.

Peal after peal, peal after peal,
The fatal volleys speed,
While o'er the blood-besprinkled decks,
The mangled sailors bleed!

Ah! whence that horrid thunder-sound
That rises fearfully?
Full many souls have homeward sped, —
'The GUERRIERE's 'neath the sea!
And moving on the ocean's breast,
All proudly and alone,
Is seen the CONSTITUTION,
Like a Queen upon her throne!

THE SILVER WEDDING.

A QUARTER of a century
Has rolled in peace away,
Since the bright, auspicious dawning
Of our happy marriage day.

Then our vows of love were plighted,
In holy faith and truth,
With all the thrilling fervor
That fills the heart of youth.

Then the future beamed with glory ;
And a halo seemed to rest
On every object round us,
From the love within each breast.

And the light has never faded ;
But has still kept shining on,
Though a quarter of a century
Has blessed us and is gone.

And we thank our Heavenly Father
For the bliss that has been ours,
For his gift of loving children,
Our precious human flowers.

May they lead our hearts to love Him,
And our souls to think of those
Who wander, with no dear ones
Their dying eyes to close.

Bless God, whose love has lingered
Like an angel round our way,
And with tenderness has led us
To our Silver-Wedding Day!

Then raise a song of gladness,
And let each heart be gay,
While we celebrate thy passing,
Happy Silver-Wedding Day!

SONG FOR A SCHOOL EXHIBITION.

To join the flight of rolling ages,
Another year has sped away,
Stamping our lives upon its pages,
A record to remain for aye.

Have we our time improved or wasted ?
How have we passed the precious hours ?
In Learning's garden have we feasted,
Or idly strolled within its bowers ?

O, let us hope some flower of beauty
Each one has placed upon her heart,
To cheer her through life's paths of duty,
And help her nobly bear her part.

Though stormy scenes arise before us,
Fearless, with piety and truth,
God and bright angels smiling o'er us,
We leave our Paradise of youth.

ON THE DEATH OF A SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER.

"For the most loved are they,
 Of whom Fame speaks not with her clarion voice,
 In regal halls! — the shades o'erhang their way!
 The vale with its deep fountains is their choice,
 And gentle hearts rejoice
 Around their steps! — till silently they die,
 As a stream shrinks from Summer's burning eye."

HEMANS.

THE silver cord is loosened, and the golden
 bowl is broke,
 And hushed the music of thy voice, that erst
 in gladness spoke,
 Still, cold, and pale, that youthful brow where
 health so lately smiled,
 And motionless that gentle form, by the spoiler
 Death beguiled.

Thou sleepest calmly, dearest one ; say, is 't a
dreamless sleep ?

Or do thy thoughts, in visions pure, perpetual
Sabbath keep ?

Do flitting pictures of bright scenes steal o'er
thee dreamily ?

Or does thy spirit slumber on, in peace, uncon-
sciously ?

Thou heedest not the voices of the dearly
loved around ;

Thy ears are closed for ever now, to aught of
earthly sound ;

Far in the regions of the pure, the blissful
spirit-land,

Thou ro'rst a happy angel, 'mid the bright-
robed heavenly band.

Thou 'st left us in the sweet spring-time, the
freshness of thy youth,

Ere yet the world hath chilled thy heart, or
dimmed thy spirit's truth ;

While yet its hue was on the rose, the blossom on the tree,
Thy spirit on celestial wings soared heavenward joyously!

Sweet sister of our Chapel! shall we wish thee back to earth,
To share its hollow-hearted joys, its cheating, senseless mirth?
“Those whom the Gods love most die young,” the ancient poet said;
Our hearts will fondly think it true, since thou from us hast fled.

Farewell, loved Teacher! Friend, farewell!
Though thou no more wilt be
With thy sweet presence round our path, yet shall we visit thee;
Yes, dear departed, early called, the pure, the good shall come,
And share the happy mansions of thy Heavenly Father's home!

ON A WREATH,

PRESERVED FROM THE COFFIN OF A YOUNG GIRL.

MEMENTO MORI of the dear departed !

Whose gentle spirit rests in heavenly bowers,
Emblem of her, the good, the pure, true-hearted,
Now crowned with Heaven's own amaran-
thine flowers.

D A W N .

How beautiful the quiet hours, ere yet
The glorious sun, uprising, has shed forth
His beams of light, awakening the earth !
Fair Nature slumbering lies, locked in the arms
Of drowsy Sleep. Over her glowing charms
A filmy veil of beauty seems to float.
A soft, gray mist shrouds verdant hill and dell,
Vale, mountain, and the rolling river deep,
And wandering lover-fairies, as they steal
Back to their homes, within the violets.
Soon Phœbus mounts his car ; his fiery steeds,
Exulting, bound across the radiant sky.

His heralds come,—bright rays of beaming
light,—

Shedding new beauty o'er the glorious scene!

Nature, in all her loveliness, awakes,

Smiling in gladness as Endymion,

When first his longing eyes in rapture fell

On the bright Goddess of his witching dreams.

Melodious sounds arise on the still air.

The hum of insects, fluttering on the wing;

The song of feathered warblers, as they rise

And loudly carol forth their notes of joy.

The very breezes, as they kiss my brow,

Or with caressing fingers intertwine,

In playful gentleness, among my hair,

Seem whispering sounds of heavenly music
sweet.

**ASSAULT ON HON. CHARLES SUMNER
IN THE UNITED STATES SENATE.**

STRICKEN down,—¹mute, pale, and bleeding,—
By a treacherous, coward blow,
Freedom's Champion, Friend, and Lover
Prostrate lies before his foe;—

He, the good, the wise, the gifted,
Striving with a holy might,
In fair Liberty's own temple,
For the cause of truth and right;

With his noble voice uplifted
In the cause of suffering man ;
For his fallen brother pleading,
Trodden down 'neath Slavery's ban.

Pilgrim land of Massachusetts !
Mourn the grievous outrage done
To thy bright, untarnished honor,
In the person of thy son !

Gallant Freemen of the North-land !
Can the truths your Fathers gave
Teach their sons to bow submissive
To the master of the slave ?

Never ! while old Ocean thunders
'Gainst the base of Plymouth Rock,
Will the Northern Patriot yield him
To the force of Slavery's shock !

Arise, shine, O God of nations!

Guard our native land, we pray!

Banish Slavery from its regions,

By thine own resistless sway!

Then indeed our young Republic

May outshine old Greece and Rome,

When the banner of our Fathers

Waves in truth o'er Freedom's Home!

RETZSCH'S DRAWING OF THE GAME OF LIFE, OR THE CHESS-PLAYERS.

[The Drawing represents a young man, playing at Chess with Satan ; to whom he forfeits his soul if he loses the game. His Guardian Angel bends over him with a sorrowful countenance, fearing the result, while the Fiend, with exultation and malice in his looks, is in the act of taking from him one of his pieces.]

The men on the board are designated by different characteristics of the mind, excepting the Kings, which are represented by themselves. The young man's Queen is Religion, while Satan's is Pleasure. The youth's pawns are Prayers ; the Evil Spirit's, Doubts, &c. ; each piece bearing the name of some emotion or sentiment.]

MORTAL, let not thy spirit
In sadness be cast down ;
Strive on ! thou 'lt yet inherit
An everlasting crown.

What though thy Guardian Angel
In sorrow turns away, —
One Doubt, fierce Anger, conquered,
Thou yet mayst gain the day.

Hope, blessed Hope is left thee,
And thy young spirit's Truth ;
The Fiend 's not yet bereft thee,
Of those firm Castles, youth.

Has Love, young Love, then vanished,
With rosy dreams of bliss ?
Do not despair ; Religion
Will give thee happiness.

Ah, guard thy Queen ! play closely !
See Pleasure 's pressing on !
Let all thy Prayers now aid thee !
Bid the False One begone !

Sweet Innocence, companion
Of days of joy and glee,
Of bright and happy childhood,
No more shall dwell with thee.

Humility no longer
In beauty decks thy brow,
And Peace the wily Tempter
Is grasping even now.

Dimmed is the dazzling lustre
Of thy once soul-speaking eye,
And thy calm, classic features
Seem shaded mournfully.

Fair youth, though dark thy pathway,
All, all is not yet lost;
Still struggle on! be watchful!
Prove not a second Faust!

**Let Faith, with Perseverance,
Now arm thee to the strife ;
Think of the Game thou 'rt playing, —
The fearful Game of Life !**

**And thou shalt win the contest ;
Joyful thy future fate ;
Thy voice in holy triumph
Shall say, False Fiend, CHECKMATE !**

THANKSGIVING EVENING.

WITHIN our happy Chapel's walls I stood
Thanksgiving night,
Amid a circle of young hearts, all beaming
with delight;
A band of mirthful children, who had met to
end the day,
With their pastor and their teachers dear, in
merriment and play.

A strain of joyous music comes all softly
floating by,
England's young, dark-eyed daughter wakes
the sweet-toned melody;

Lightly her fingers sweep the keys, while
nimble feet advance,
Joining with childish gayety the pleasures of
the dance.

While mingling with these youthful ones,
their dances and their plays,
Imagination pictured fair those gay and
happy days,
When I, a dreaming school-girl, traced the
future bright and free,
And Hope her rainbow coloring lent to make
it fairer be.

Lovely the scene, ay, heavenly, when, in the
Chapel Hall,
The simple chorus, "God is good," burst from
the lips of all!
When infant voices thus proclaim praises to
God on high,
Angels seem mingling in the strain, lured from
their native sky!

The memory of that evening still is lingering
round my heart!

Ne'er will it be forgotten, till all life and sense
depart;

Childhood's soft eyes are gazing still, with
love, into my own,

And my ears drink in the sweetness of their
voices' silvery tone.

The Saviour's words of gentleness within my
mind arise :

"Let little children come to me; forbid them
not!" he cries ;

Of such that heavenly kingdom is, far in those
regions blest,

Where God and angel spirits dwell, in ever-
lasting rest!

TO A FRIEND ON HER MARRIAGE.

I wish thee joy, on this thy bridal morning!
May no dark shadow on its breaking be!
But may it prove the bright, auspicious
dawning
Of a long life of rare felicity!

For thou dost love, and art beloved, and givest
Thy heart to one who gives thee heart for
heart;
And, in his warm devotion, thou receivest
The truest happiness earth can impart.

For brightly to the loved, and fondly loving,
 Hope paints life gladsome as a summer's day,
All clouds that dim the future, swift removing
 By the soft magic of her gentle sway.

From worldly unions formed by cold convenience,
 Quickly young Love on airy wing departs ;
His untamed spirit will not yield obedience
 To selfish Pride or fickle Fortune's arts.

But in the holy spot he makes his dwelling,
 Meek, dove-eyed Peace and Innocence attend ;
Their sweet-toned voices to the spirit telling
 Of scenes of future bliss that ne'er shall end.

May Love in tenderness be ever near thee,
 Unseen, but hovering o'er thy onward path,
Whispering sweet words to comfort and to
 cheer thee,
In all the darker hours thy spirit hath !

O be thy life fair as the mind's ideal,
That shadows forth earth's scenes with
beauty fraught;
All thy soul's images of bliss prove real,—
More lasting far than thou hast dreamed
or thought.

TO SUMMER.

YE Summer months, I love you well,
When through the green, bright fields I stray,
And hear the shepherd's tinkling bell,
Or mellow music far away.

And when, at evening, o'er the plain
Darkness spreads wide her sable wings,
I loiter through the star-lit lane,
And listen while the cricket sings.

When golden Autumn spreads around
The russet leaf and chilling blast,
Still, still, howe'er her fruits abound,
I fondly think on Summer past.

ON RECEIVING A BOUQUET.

My heart would thank thee for thy gift
Of fragrant, blooming flowers ;
Like an Enchanter's magic wand,
They 've brightened weary hours.

E'en as a picture, soft and fair,
With coloring of rich dye,
Traced by some ancient artist's hand,
They charm the gazing eye.

The heart adores the beautiful,
Where'er it meets the view;
And flowers sweet emblems seem of all
Things lovely, pure, and true.

No scene of beauty seems complete,
Unless fresh flowers be there,
To fill the senses with delight,—
With perfume load the air.

When Poets dream of Fairy-land,
And Fancy paints the scene,
The opening petals of gay flowers
Bedeck the moonlit green.

In southern climes, where grows the palm,
Where twine the myrtle bowers,
Lovers their secret passion breathe,
Through Nature's blooming flowers.

Dearer to me the simple gift,
So delicate, so fair,
From Friendship's hand, a token sweet,
Than gems or jewels rare.

Their beauty, like all earthly things,
May fade and pass away ;
But Memory, in her fondest dreams,
Shall treasure thy Bouquet!

MERIT'S MEED.

FAIN would my heart an humble tribute raise
To him whose virtues well deserve all praise ;
Whose generous, tender, sympathizing care
Ne'er suffers needy merit to despair ;
Who with kind words the wandering Artist
 cheers,

Assists his struggles, soothes his feverish fears,
Brings forward modest worth, with kindly will,
To charm the public ear, with taste and skill.

Friend of the Goddess, favorite of the Arts,
That wins our sympathies, and charms our
 hearts ;

Sweet Music, lovely handmaid! owes to thee
An earthly voice for heavenly melody.

What witching spirit hast thou forced to dwell
In the rare instrument we love so well!

Hast thou imprisoned fair Cecilia's soul,
Or dost thou old Timotheus control?

Within thy Grand Piano sure there seems
A sleeping soul, lapped in Elysian dreams,
Which some great Artist like the bold De
Meyer,

Prometheus-like, awakes with touch of fire.

What power, what softness, in its tones are
heard!

A lion's roar, the warble of a bird!

Now loud it thunders, then the dying note,
Like distant angels' voices, seems to float
In whispering cadence on the wondering air,
That loves the melody it helps to bear.

E'en foreign critics offer thee their praise,
And CHICKERING's honest brow would crown
with bays.

Yes, La Belle France to thee the palm awards ;
To thee, whose skill such rapt delight affords.
Well may our "modern Athens" of the East
Be proud of thee, whose genius has increased
Her fame, her glory, and who shin'st afar
In foreign lands, a "bright particular star,"
Whose name is known, where'er Euterpe
 reigns,
From Europe's cities to our Western plains !

TO AN INFANT.

DEAREST infant, little treasure
To thy parents' loving hearts ;
Heavenly gift, that without measure
Daily happiness imparts ;

Speaking to them of that Father
Who has lent thee to their arms,
Opening all their hearts' deep fountains,
By thy helpless baby charms ;

Precious Darling! may thy future
All undimmed, unclouded be,
And distress and care and sorrow
Never, dearest, come to thee!

But should earthly sorrows sadden,
May all clouds thy spirit hath
Wear a glorious, silver lining,
As they hover round thy path!

FOR AN ALBUM.

BRIGHT the morn of life is glowing,
Pure, unclouded on thy way ;
May no storms of sorrow, streaming,
Darken o'er thy shining day.

May thy life be pure and holy,
Peaceful as a summer's sea ;
Like the modest violet lowly,
Decked with sweet Humility.

May the virtues clustering round thee,
Hope, and Faith, and Heavenly Love,
With their presence bright surround thee,
From their starry homes above.

When life's evening, softly stealing,
Darkens o'er thy well-spent day,
May thy soul, with peaceful feeling,
Fearless heavenward take her way!

ON THE DEATH OF A LITTLE BOY.

**I miss thee in the morning hours ;
I miss thee through the day ;
No more I hear thy pleasant voice,
Or see thee at thy play.**

**No more thou 'lt bring me blooming flowers,
With looks of love and joy ;
On earth we cannot meet again,
My darling little boy !**

Thy last sweet gift, a beauteous rose,
Shall ne'er forgotten be ;
If that I loved the rose before,
Dearer 't is now to me.

I've known thee ever, dearest child,
Thy little life all through ;
And ever didst thou seem to me
Kind, gentle, loving, true.

Farewell, dear Boy ! thy little heart
Hath hushed its throbbings now ;
No sounds disturb thy dreamless sleep, —
Death's seal is on thy brow !

Thou cam'st awhile to bless fond hearts, —
A treasure lent, not given ;
Thy Father called, — thou heardst the voice, —
We 'll meet again in Heaven.

TO A FRIEND ON HER BIRTHDAY.

WITH A BOUQUET.

I BRING a gift of simple flowers,
To grace thy natal day;
O may the swiftly moving hours
Be fair and bright as they!

Though with rich gems and jewels rare
I may not Friendship prove;
Yet take the humble gift I bear,
Sweet token of my love.

And with it prayers, that life may seem
Calm as the summer air;
All gentle as a Poet's dream, —
Unclouded by a care.

May smiling Peace thy steps attend,
Bright Hope thy pathway cheer;
And Faith her gentle presence lend,
To make the future clear.

May many, many natal suns
Still brightly shine for thee,
Surrounded by the cherished ones
Thou lov'st so tenderly!

TO A FRIEND**ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF HER MARRIAGE.**

Joy to thee! On this returning
Bridal morn, so dear to thee,
Sacred be the hours to Pleasure,
Wit and Mirth and Gayety!

Noiselessly, with rapid footsteps,
Years have swiftly sped away,
Since the Sun of Heaven was smiling
On thy joyous Marriage Day.

Memory's magic pencil traces
Lovely visions fading fast,
With her rainbow colors painting
Pictures of the vanished Past.

Though young Love, with rosy pinions,
Come not near my lonely path,
Yet I wander in dominions
Where he many subjects hath.

I offer thee no gem of beauty,
Costly gift nor jewel rare,
But my heart with feelings tender
Breathes for thee an earnest prayer.

Lightened be the misty Future
By the torch of Faith's bright ray,
While young Hope and Truth Celestial
Turn its darkness into Day!

May the pledges of affection
God has given thee in his love,
Idols not, but Guardian Angels,
Ever to thy spirit prove !

LINES

FROM SCHOLARS WHO HAD RECEIVED CARDS OF
MERIT, TO THEIR TEACHER.

WE have come, dear Friend and Teacher,
Come victorious from the strife!
We have triumphed over Evil
In this battle of our Life.

Many times our hearts have faltered,
As we strove the prize to win;
But with courage firm, unaltered,
We passéd by the paths of Sin.

Well thou know'st the strong temptations
That beset each youthful Soul, —
Sin's alluring invitations,
Darkening Virtue's shining goal.

But we've onward pressed and gained it, —
Gained the prize so fondly sought;
Grant us now thy sweet approval,
Without which success is naught; —

No, not naught; for God will bless us,
That we've striven for the right;
And thy rule and his Word teach us
Truth is pleasing in his sight.

May God bless the firm endeavor
We have made to do thy will;
Help us, with His Spirit, ever
All our duties to fulfil.

We have learned a noble lesson,
As we 've struggled day by day ;—
That, while patiently we labor,
We must wait, and watch, and pray.

A NEW-YEAR'S WISH.

TO A FRIEND ON HER CONVALESCENCE.

MAY the year in beauty dawning
Prove a happy one for thee,
And this bright and gladsome morning
Type of a blest future be!

Thy young children's tones of gladness,
With *his* voice, so loved, so dear,
Greet thee, banishing thy sadness,
With a happy, glad New Year!

And my heart the strain would borrow,
Joined with theirs, so dear to thee :
Free from every care and sorrow,
May thy New Year happy be !

Long has Sickness — mournful Maiden —
Been companion of thy way ;
With dull pains and sorrows laden,
Darkening o'er God's shining day.

Now, may sweet Hygeia bless thee, —
Ever on thy steps attend, —
Tenderly in love caress thee,
And Health give thee, dearest Friend.

By the bright-eyed Nymph attended,
Joyously thou 'lt onward go,
And, by holy saints befriended,
Thou shalt Pain nor Sorrow know.

Many prayers, thou Christian Mother,
Rise from loving hearts for thee ;
Tender Husband, Children, Brother,
Pray for thy recovery.

Fare thee well ! May Gracious Heaven
Blessings shower upon thy head !
And unto thy soul be given
Grace, Life's thorny path to tread.

May the Mother of the Saviour —
Holy Virgin ever blest —
Guard thee with especial favor,
Ease thy pains, and soothe thy rest !

TO A FRIEND.

WHEN the mellow shades of twilight
Darken o'er my quiet room,
In the brightly flickering fire-light
Images of dear Friends loom.

Then I gaze on much-loved faces,
Then their sweet-toned voices hear ;
'Mid these scenes my fancy traces
Thee, the dearest of the dear.

Reason have I most to love thee, —
Of the kindest the most kind;
In my heart there 's none above thee,
Deeply art thou there enshrined.

For the many hours of pleasure,
Sweetest hours my soul has known,
Valued more than hoarded treasure,
Thanks to thee, and thee alone!

When to Music's strains I've listened,
To the Nightingale's* soft lays,
While my eyes with pleasure glistened,
For the bliss, I gave *thee* praise.

* Jenny Lind.

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

THOU hast passed away and left us, —
Left us for thy Heavenly Home ;
Of thy presence dear bereft us,
Till our Father bids us come.

No more sickness, no more sorrow,
Safely, sweetly now at rest,
Waking to a glorious morrow,
Welcomed to the Saviour's breast.

We may learn a noble lesson
From thy gentle, patient soul;
Learn to bear, to trust, to press on
To the glorious Heavenly Goal.

Aged Christian! may the beauty
Of thy daily life impress
On our hearts a love of Duty,
By its Truth and Holiness.

May we love thy bright Example;
Thy meek Patience fill each breast,
And upon us, as the Mantle
Of the Prophet, softly rest!

ON THE DEATH OF MISS L. G. F.

"MOURN not for me," methinks I hear her
say, —

That suffering angel, on her Heavenly way ;
"Mourn not for me, dear Mother ; do not
grieve,

That I this pleasant earth for Heaven must
leave.

There sickness shall I never know, nor pain,
Nor sorrow, anguish, shall I feel again ;
There with my Heavenly Father shall I be,
And Angels bright, through all Eternity."

Dearest, we will not wish that thou shouldst
come

Back to this earth, from thy pure, happy home;
For in our God we trust, that thou art now
Happier by far than here with us below.
But still we weep; each throbbing, aching
heart

Feels a keen pang, from one so loved to part,
And our souls murmur, all unconsciously,
That to Himself our God has taken thee.
But we will strive to calm our minds and pray:
"The Lord hath given, He hath taken away."
O let us be submissive to His will,
Resigned, and trusting in His goodness still!

L I N E S

SUGGESTED BY A REPORT OF THE MINISTERS OF
THE POOR.

Go on, go on, kind teachers of the Poor,
Go on and prosper in your holy work !
Ye cause the Widow's heart to sing for joy,
And the lone, houseless Orphan to be glad.
Preach the good tidings of a Saviour's love
Unto their eager, willing minds, and Peace
Shall fill their souls, and grateful hearts call
down
Rich blessings on their kind Instructors' heads !
'T is yours to soothe, to comfort, and to bless ;
O what Divine employment ! following in

His holy steps, who died that we might live, —
Might live for ever ! Thank thee, Saviour blest,
For thy divine, immortalizing truths !
Bright cheering words, that lead our thoughts
to God,
Pure Heaven, and happy homes, beyond life's
scenes,
Of closely interwoven light and shade.

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

DEAREST, the sweet and pleasant hours
I've passed in joy with thee,
When Father Time seemed decked with
flowers,
Will ne'er forgotten be.

Thy voice's ringing melody
In merry songs I hear;
Again thy joyous, gladsome laugh
In fancy meets my ear.

Still, Memory paints thy pleasant smile,
Thy gentle, speaking eye,
As o'er my mental vision glides
The past so swiftly by.

Though future scenes with brightness shine,
My heart shall ne'er forget
The gay, the merry, joyous hours
I've passed with Harriet.

But often to the past I'll turn,
As to a hoarded treasure,
And thoughts of lovely, absent friends
Shall fill my soul with pleasure.

THE DEATH OF ———.

DEAR, youthful, sainted Spirit! thou hast left
this world's abode,
Its sorrows and its trials, and hast fled to
meet thy God ;
To Heaven, where Jesus, Saviour blest, before
thee long hast gone,
Where tears are wiped from every eye, and
pain is all unknown.

We trust that thou art happy now, that it is
well with thee,
That thy soul has triumphed over Death, in
joyful victory ;

Hast cast aside this tegument of worthless
flesh and clay,
And soars with sister Angels, in blest realms
of heavenly day.

But, dear one, we are weeping still, to think
that thou wilt come
No more, with thy sweet voice and smile, to
cheer us in our home ;
But, loved one, ours are selfish hearts, to grieve
or to complain ;
Our earthly loss is small, compared with thy
eternal gain.

Though thou wilt come no more to us, yet
shall we visit thee ;
In thoughts, and dreams, and all our prayers,
thy name shall mingled be,
Till finally we meet in joy, when passed is
life's dark sea,
In peace to dwell, no more to part, through
all Eternity.

ANNUAL MEETING

**OF TEACHERS, SCHOLARS, AND FRIENDS, AT
FANEUIL HALL.**

**ANOTHER year has swiftly past,
And once more here we stand,
Within the Hall of Liberty,
In Freedom's favored land.**

**Then let our thoughts to other scenes
And distant countries flee,
Where dwelt those fearless Pilgrim men,
Who crossed the stormy sea.**

They fled from power that would bow down
The Soul in bondage strong;
And on a distant foreign shore
They raised fair Freedom's song.

There, stern Oppression reigned supreme,
Veiling the Torch of Truth,
While Ignorance walked hand in hand
With Childhood, Age, and Youth.

The Lamp of Knowledge burns but dim
Beneath a Tyrant's sway,
While Learning hides in cloistered halls,
And shuns the light of day.

Then let us bless the Pilgrim Band,
Who fled from Kingly Rules,
And gave to glad Posterity,
The blessing of *Free Schools!*

And may we ever highly prize
What they so nobly bought,
Guard well our precious Liberty
Of Action, Speech, and Thought.

Let Glorious Science, Truth Divine,
Float freely as the wind,
And Knowledge fall, as Heaven's own dew,
On every thirsting Mind!

THE FISHER BOY.

UPON a pleasant, balmy night,
When moon and stars were shining bright,
And Nature, in her loveliest mood,
Had dressed the stream, the vale, the wood,
A lady, worn and sad with care,
Thought, as it was so very fair,
That with her husband she would stray
Far from the town, through fields away,
To calm her mind with sights and sounds
With which the country fair abounds.

She left at home a merry throng
Of boarders, full of mirth and song,

A wicked, lively, roguish set, —
Never was seen their equal yet ;
And as the cat was now away,
These naughty mice began to play,
And in the pleasant parlor cool,
They tried their best to play the fool.
One the Piano caused to ring ; —
With raven notes essayed to sing ; —
Another, reckless, lean, and lank,
Played many a monkey trick and prank.

On a What-not there calmly stood
A Fisher Boy, — not flesh and blood,
But one of those rare gems of art
From which it is so hard to part ;
A plaster cast, 't is very true,
But pleasant to the gazer's view,
And fondly treasured by the dame ;
But truth compels me to proclaim,
The " Son of Anak," with a dash
So swift 't was like the lightning's flash,

Remorseless seized the youthful form,
(What though 't was not with feeling warm,)
And, rudely twisting off his head,
Upon the carpet he was spread,
In many pieces, all around,
Which would not be, to-morrow, found.

Then rose a shout, a scream, a yell;
All on their knees in terror fell,
And vainly strove to join, with care,
The Fisher Boy, in fragments there!

TO A PORTRAIT.

DEAREST, I love to look upon
Thy sweet, calm, happy face,
Where of dull care and sorrow
There's not a single trace.

Old Time's not yet come near thy brow,
Nor marked thereon a line ;
Ah! will he? O, he'll surely leave
Forehead so fair as thine.

Thine eyes, those large, dark, telltale orbs,
Reveal thy young heart's feeling,
If either joy or sorrow.
Be o'er thy pure soul stealing.

Dearest, I know old Time can ne'er
Entirely dim thine eye;
As long as life remains, thy soul
Will still its fire supply.

Young Hebe, thy face is passing fair,
Thy cheeks of red-rose hue;
You must not let old Father Time
Come stealing sly round you.

But O thy mouth, thy cherub mouth,
All dimples and sweet smiles!
Cupid will surely lodge him there,
With all his siren wiles.

Thy mouth's expression 's beautiful,
So red and full thy lip,
"Some bee has newly stung it,"
While pausing sweets to sip.

And when those lips are parted,
And thy sweet voice is heard,
May a brilliant mind and talents
Shine forth in every word!

When the person's charms are fading,
And you feel Time creeping round,
Speak graceful words of Wisdom,
And he 'll vanish at the sound.

RURAL WALKS.

I LOVE, at the calm, sweet hour of night,
When the bright moon yields her gentle light,
To wander away over vale and hill,
Or seat myself by some gushing rill,
Whose blue waters smoothly roll away,
Where the piercing beams of the sun never
 play,
And all is still in the greenwood grove,
Save the Nightingale, tuning her song of love.

Sweet 't is to rove by the deep sea-side,
And list to the roaring, rushing tide,

As it foams and lashes the pebbly shore,
Stunning the ear with its waters' roar.
When the wave is calm, and the fishers' barks
ride
Gayly along o'er the rippling tide,
While the boatmen are singing some merry
lay,
Contented and happy the livelong day,
O, then is the time which is sweeter far
Than my lonely strolls by the light of the star,
Or by the sea-side, when the billows dash,
And the thunder growls, and the lightnings
flash,
As the dark storm-spirit on clouds hurries by,
His black mantle cast o'er the lurid sky.

TO A FRIEND.

"Look not mournfully into the Past. It comes not back again. Wisely improve the Present. It is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy Future, without fear, and with a trusting heart."

LONGFELLOW.

FRIEND of other days, arouse thee!

Join the turmoil and the strife!

Break the chains that long have bound thee!

Enter once more into life!

Come, the world demands thee, Brother!

Calls thee from thy lone retreat;

Painful recollections smother,

And thy future shall be sweet.

Come, I once more would behold thee, —
Once more hear thy gentle voice ;
Come, a spirit bright has told me,
That thou shalt again rejoice !

Bind not, then, thy proud will longer ;
The caged eagle droops and dies,
But once free, with spirit stronger,
Far above his foes he flies.

Heed not, then, earth's babbling minions,
Nor their idols of a day ;
Gold will buy their best opinions, —
Fearless onward keep thy way !

A SISTER'S WELCOME.

WELCOME, wanderer, welcome, brother!

Welcome to thy native shore!

Dearer far than any other,

Welcome to our hearts once more!

Once again our arms enfold thee,

Once again we clasp thy hand,

Once again our eyes behold thee

In thy much-loved Fatherland!

Never leave us, never leave us!

Stay, O stay, our hearts to bless!

Let no more thy absence grieve us, —

Stay and give us happiness!

We will pray that sweet Hygeia

Ever may thy steps attend;

Ever unto thee may be a

Guardian angel, sister, friend.

Stay, then, and around thy pathway

Love may shed her golden light,

Flinging radiance o'er each sad day,

Making all thy future bright.

Then will each ecstatic vision,

Heart-dreams of the early youth,

Make life seem almost Elysian,

Realized by Love and Truth.

A NEW-YEAR'S WISH, WITH A WREATH.

FROM MY FRIEND TO HER FRIEND.

**DEAREST Friend, a Happy New-Year
With this Wreath I send to thee ;
May its bright, unfading emblems
Type of a blest future be.**

**I would crown thee King of Science,
Friend of Humanity and Truth ;
Well thou deserv'st the noble tribute
From the heart of age and youth.**

A FRIEND'S DEATH.

HE is gone, the noble-hearted ;
He is gone, the good, the true ;
He is gone, from earth departed,
Never more to meet our view.

Mourn, ye weeping friends, for never
Did a kinder heart e'er beat,
Or a purer spirit ever
Stand before the Judgment-Seat.

Never will the friends forget thee
Whom thy presence used to bless;
Ever will their hearts regret thee,
With a holy tenderness.

And as years, with solemn beauty,
Veil the dim and shadowy past,
Still thy life shall speak of duty,
Teaching a lesson till the last.

EVENING MUSINGS.

I LOVE, at evening's holy hour,
To muse in some sequestered bower,
On pleasant scenes that long have fled,
On Friends now numbered with the dead,
On Happiness I have enjoyed,
And bliss, sweet, pure, and unalloyed.

When at this hour I think that they
I loved so well have passed away,
That in this world I ne'er shall see
Their cherished forms so dear to me,

Or hear them speak, or see them smile,
As glide the joyous hours the while,
I sigh, and wish that I could fly
To those bright realms above the sky,
Where dwell my friends with angels bright,
With God and saints, in realms of light.

A FRAGMENT.

WHAT is life? A dream, a vapor,
Like a half-extinguished taper,
Sometimes radiant, brightly shining,
Then in darkness swift declining;
Beaming with a flickering light,—
Sometimes dull and sometimes bright;
Blazing, lambent, iridescent,
Illuminating all the present,
Shooting meteoric rays,
Almost kindling to a blaze.
Just so life with many passes;—
Some are knaves, and some are asses.

Some, with Genius beaming bright,
Flash and dazzle into light ;
From their eyes a glory beams,
Blazing forth their poet dreams,
While a brilliant halo spreads,
Ever radiant, round their heads.
These, while mingling in the real,
Picture forth a bright ideal,
To which their longing fancy turns,
As the moth to the flame that burns.

Another class of mighty minds,
In the real, pleasure finds.
Some the Hero's pathway tread,
O'er the dying and the dead.
The genius of command is theirs,
The courage stern, that danger dares,
The iron will, firm as a rock,
That yields not in the battle's shock,
That quails not in the furious din,
Till victory their efforts win.

In nobler conflicts some engage,
Striving to benefit the age,
To spread Christianity abroad,
And teach all men to serve the Lord.
Some, with warm, philanthropic zeal,
Toil for the helpless prisoner's weal,
With earnest purpose strive t' improve
Their erring brothers by their love.

This is a conflict loftier far
Than cruel and revengeful war,
A just crusade, a righteous fight,
For God and Truth, and Holy Right.

"THE SOCIABLES."

O THE Sociables of Summer Street!
They are a gay affair ;
O what a merry gathering
Last Friday night was there !

How sweet the music sounded,
As across each ivory key
Were swept the jewelled fingers
Of the winning Mrs. C——!

And graceful moved the dancers,
As they hurried nimbly on,
In the quick Waltz or Polka gay,
Quadrille, or Cotillon.

Glad through the bright assembly,
With a calm and quiet grace,
The pleasant hostess wanders,
With her fair and smiling face.

And there the mother mingles
In the gay and festive set,
Enjoying all the merriment,
With heart unchilled as yet,

And feelings warm and youthful,
And a memory fresh and green,
That pictures scenes of other days,
And joys that once have been.

O may she here continue long
In happiness to dwell,
With the children and grandchildren,
Whom she loveth passing well !

And may this band in harmony
And unity remain ;
And soon the pleasant, merry scenes
Be acted o'er again !

TO A CHILD ON HER BIRTHDAY.

Joy be to thee, Sweet Mary!

On this thy natal day,
And love, my little Fairy,
Bid sorrow flee away!

Although earth's sun be clouded,
All brightly flows for thee,
Within thy pleasant parlor,
Upon thy mother's knee.

With gentle, kind caressing,
She smooths thy golden hair,
While from her inmost bosom
She breathes a fervent prayer,

That God would bless her darling,
Her innocent young child,
Keep evil from her pathway,
Her spirit undefiled.

Thy blue eyes dance with gladness,
As Father opes the door,
And swift thy feet so tiny,
To meet him, cross the floor.

He folds thee to his bosom,
He greets thee with a kiss!
Dear Child, may many birthdays
Be granted thee like this!

TWILIGHT.

CALM was the hour; the setting sun
His bright and glorious course had run,
And sunk as gently in the west,
As Christians sink to final rest.
He threw his light, now mild and pale,
On field and forest, hill and dale;
And many a bright and sparkling beam
Fell playfully on lake and stream.
At this sweet, still, refreshing hour,
When music rung from many a bower
Formed by the wild, luxuriant hand
Of nature, o'er the verdant land,

As o'er the hills I strolled away,
To view the closing of the day,
And saw the clouds all fringed with light,
Melting in mild and shadowy night,
I thought of scenes that long were past,
And visions bright, too bright to last.

From earth my thoughts were turned above,
Where dwell in peace the friends I love,
With God and spirits of the just,
Whose forms now moulder in the dust,
But whose immortal souls have soared
To Him whom they on earth adored.

O, ever be my wayward mind
Submissive, humble, and resigned;
Till I am called to God above,
To dwell with Him, in peace and love.

CHAPEL FLOWER-GIRL'S SONG.

FOURTH OF JULY.

O, PRAY buy my Flowers!

They're fresh and they're fair ;
These roses all blooming,
How lovely they are !

Here are Tulips and Lilies,
Bright Pinks of rich dye,
And the sweet, modest Violet,
Buy, O pray buy !

Here 's the flower of Napoleon,
Beneath that bright leaf,
Saying, "Do not forget me,"
Though life's hour be brief.

Then buy for some dear one
This fragrant Bouquet;
Let it speak Love's warm language
On this Freedom's Day!

For what speaks so truly
Affection's strong power
To the heart's deepest feelings,
As a simple, sweet flower?

You 'll purchase, you 'll purchase,
I see by your smile;
Thank you, thank you, those young buds
Will last a long while!

TO A CHILD.

DEAR Child, upon thy sunny brow
I love to gaze,
And think how calmly, sweetly glide
Thy youthful days.

Misfortune thou hast never known,
Nor sorrow's tear,
For thou hast ever, ever felt
Happiness here.

Blessed with a mother's fond advice,
A father's care,
Thou know'st not what it is to feel
Danger or fear.

O, may thy days untroubled glide
Peacefully on,
Till fade all earthly cares and joys,
And Heaven be won!

N I G H T.

It was a calm and glorious night;
The stars in Heaven were burning bright,
The moon was shining placidly,
O'er the mild lake and dark green sea.
The birds had all retired to rest,
Each to his own soft, downy nest,
And Nature's noises all were still,
Save the soft ripple of a rill.

It was an hour when those who never
Had thought on God or Angels bright
Might lift their eyes, and gaze for ever
On those bright realms of glorious light.

I left my close, warm room, to breathe
The balmy, fragrant air of Heaven;
And fond hopes for the future wreath,
And wish my many sins forgiven.

I knelt me down and prayed to God,
To ease my troubled, restless mind;
My soul was calmed, my sorrows all
Had found a vent, — I felt resigned.

I thanked Him for his tender care
Of me, through life's dark, checkered ways;
And supplicated Him to watch
In mercy o'er my future days.

Upon my soul His spirit fell,
As falls the mild, refreshing dew,
And o'er my homeward path a spell
Of beauty, light, and fragrance threw.

THE SACRIFICE.

THE glowing sun shone clear and bright ;
All nature seemed to feel delight ;
The birds sung sweetly in the grove
Their songs of happiness and love.

There came a youthful, dark-eyed girl,
With brow bedecked with many a pearl,
And flowing robes of majesty,
A Hindoo widow's death to die.
Her funeral pile is blazing clear ;
Their hymns the priests are singing near ;
With face upturned to the bright sun,
Her earthly race but just begun,

Devotion kindling in her eye,
And her young soul all purity,
Surrounded by fond weeping friends,
In prayer the lovely victim bends.

She lingers, — does she fear her doom?
Its dreadful passage to the tomb?
Yes, flesh is weak, her spirit quails;
She backward shrinks, her courage fails;
O'er her pure brow a shade is cast,
As her soul whispers, 't is the last,
Last time she 'll view this lovely earth,
Its fruits and flowers and things of mirth.
It passes; — hopes that He who made,
That dear-loved form before her laid,
Will join them on another shore,
Where they shall meet to part no more,
Nerve her young heart to bear the pain,
And fortitude revives again.
She mounts the pile; 'midst songs and cries,
Her spirit pure ascends the skies.

A NEW-YEAR'S WISH.

NEAR thee still, yet never meeting,
I would send a kindly greeting,
Wish thee happiness and pleasure,
Health, and Love, and every treasure ;
Though my path be girt with sadness,
O may thine be full of gladness,
And the joys of peace and plenty,
With the bliss of love content ye.
May you never know the feeling
That awakes the tears now stealing, —
All the loneliness and sorrow,
That o'er shadows each to-morrow ;
But each morning sun that rises
Fill thy heart with glad surprises,

And no anxious cares come near,
But happy be the glad New Year!

To thy life has gracious Heaven
Gifts abundant freely given ;
Traces of God's love to thee
All around thy path I see, —
All that makes life worth possessing,
With Wealth, that heightens every blessing.
In pleasant paths thy footsteps tread,
And bounteous is thy table spread.

Tender Brother, thoughtful Friend,
A Happy New-Year's Wish I send ;
God omniscient, who can view
Every soul, both false and true,
Read thy worthy, honest heart,
And freely did his gifts impart :
A faithful steward wilt thou prove,
Till sounds the Angel's voice of love,
Calling thee to thy Heavenly Home,
“ Well done, thou faithful servant, come ! ”

VALENTINE.

No. I.

I SENT to thee a Valentine,
But have not yet a single line,
To tell me if received or no ;—
Thou silent, fickle, frigid beau !
Excuses it were vain to proffer,—
Thou hast not one of note to offer.
Thy silence does the truth discover,
Thou 'lt never prove a faithful lover.
I little deemed that thou couldst be
From gallantry entirely free,
Thou who hast roamed in sunny France,
And Italy, land of romance,
Through England's vales so green and fair,
With lovely maids beyond compare.

Ah no, I thought that thou possessed,
Deep hidden in a manly breast,
Feelings warm, tender, generous, kind,
A noble heart, a lofty mind,
And spirit independent, free, —
All this, and more, I fancied thee !

Say, was I wrong, my recreant knight?
If I were so, pray set me right;
And if thou canst, in good, sound sense,
Set up a logical defence,
Your arguments I humbly pray
You 'll send to me, without delay.
My name, I 've granted Love permission,
To tell you, by his intuition.
So, if thou art in truth inclined
The writer of these lines to find,
Consult thy memory and thy heart, —
Combined with these, they 'll light impart.

Mon ami, now, *bon soir*, adieu !
Soon let me see or hear from you !

VALENTINE.

No. II.

IN vain I strive to picture
The love that fills my heart;
My lips can find no language
Its feelings to impart.

For most the stillest current
The deepest water shows,
As smothered fire, when breaking,
With wildest fury glows.

No more shall reason struggle
My feelings to conceal,
But passion to thy spirit
The secret shall reveal.

Then list, — I fondly love thee,
I only would be thine;
Ah! let my passion move thee,
My heart's own Valentine!

VALENTINE.

No. III.

HAVE I guessed right, and didst thou send
A Valentine to me, my friend?
And truly did you there reveal
The secret love you warmly feel?
And can it be that I'm so blest,
To waken love within thy breast,—
Within thy heart, that I esteem
Worthy of happiness supreme?
If truly thou this love dost feel,
Till a fit time the truth conceal,
And let no envious, prying eyes
Discover Cupid's dark disguise.

If you are honest, kind, and true,
Such will I ever prove to you,
And love thee with a love so fond,
Thou 'lt never wish to break the bond ;
But through life's journey I 'll be thine,
And thou my faithful Valentine.

VALENTINE.

No. IV.

THINE image is before mine eyes ;
I think, I dream of thee ;
Do not my humble heart despise,
But kindly think of me.

If in thy soul is deep enshrined
Some passion warm and true,
I will not seek thy generous mind
To shackle or pursue.

Affection, love, bright, priceless gems,
That glad the humble cot,
While Monarchs in rich diadems
Seek, but possess them not.

Farewell, Farewell! Affection's power
O cast not idly by;
For sweet is e'en the humblest flower
That blossoms 'neath the sky.

• And oh! condemn her not unheard
Who trembling writes to thee;
But, if another be preferred,
O love her tenderly!

VALENTINE.

No. V.

DEAREST, as you tread the mazes
Of the noisy city life,
With its many, varied phases,
And of cares and pleasures rife,

O remember, O remember,
Her who never can forget
All those bright days, gone for ever :
O, they charm my fancy yet!

Happy memory loves to linger
O'er the sweetness of those hours,
Tracing, with a willing finger,
The bright record wreathed with flowers.

Driving in the shaded by-lanes,
'Neath the murmuring, moaning trees,
Pulses wildly, through the full veins,
Throbbing to the sighing breeze.

Of lost happiness will never
Those sweet scenes return to bless?
Only Fancy, fondly, ever
Paint the warm, the dear caress?

Ah, let love with rapture glowing
Waken heart-throbs full of bliss,
Till the soul, with joy o'erflowing,
Realize life's happiness.

VALENTINE.

No. VI.

O DEAR and pleasant, absent Friend,
Would I were now with thee,—
To thee to whom my spirit turns,
Beloved! so constantly.

The hours seem ages as they pass;
They move on leaden wings;
When thou art far away from me,
Naught to me comfort brings.

I joy not in the festive scene,
No music charms mine ear;
The music of thy voice I miss,
Thou best beloved, most dear!

The merry dance no pleasure gives :
I miss thy gentle hand,
With loving pressure leading me
To join the merry band.

Then come and bless my longing heart,
O come nor longer stay !
With thy dear presence turn my Night,
Sun of my Soul ! to-day.

The brightness of thy joyous smile
Flashes across my dreams ;
And all seems bright and radiant then, —
Alas ! alas ! but *seems* !

No longer then will darkness shade,
Nor longer shall I pine,
Thou silver lining to my cloud,
My heart's own Valentine !

VALENTINE.

No. VII.

THINK of me at eventide,
When the moon is brightly beaming;
Think of me, let naught beside
Mingle with thy spirit's dreaming.

Think of me when all is still,
When the stars are brightly shining,
Think of me when by the hill
Thou in peace art calm reclining.

Think of me, if distant far
Thou with some loved form art roving,
Think of me, let every star
Tell thee still I 'm fondly loving.

Think of me, O ne'er forget
Her who these fond lines composes !
Think of me, and ever let
My image come begirt with roses.

VALENTINE.

No. VIII.

O ABSENT friend, where art thou ?
A Valentine I send ;
It comes from one who loves thee,
Thy fondest, truest friend.

While waking or while sleeping,
Thou 'rt ever, love, with me ;
My truant fancy wanders
Continually to thee.

For thee my loving spirit
With fervent ardor burns,
As to his shrine the pilgrim
With fond devotion turns.

Then let this humble tribute,
Whene'er it meets thy view,
Before thy memory picture
An absent friend that's true.

Young Love in tones of music
My name to thee shall tell:
Dost hear? he whispers —,
Dear —, fare thee well!

A DYING CHILD TO HER FRIENDS.

I FEEL I'm dying, Mother;
That I must leave this earth,—
The scene of many happy days,
And hours of joyous mirth.

O, do not grieve so, Mother,
For I shall meet you there;
There, in that blissful Heaven,
Where all is bright and fair.

And I must leave my Playmates,
Each fond, true-hearted Friend;
O God, I pray thy blessing
May on them all descend!

My good and gentle Teacher,
 'T is hard to part from thee ;
Thou hast ever treated kindly,
 And taught me patiently.

Farewell, thou dearest Brother,
 No more with me you 'll play,
No more with me con lessons,
 Or to our Father pray.

O do not grieve so, Mother,
 For you know you 've often said,
That in Heaven I should meet Father, —
 His spirit there was fled.

O come, my Mother, nearer ;
 Put your hand upon my brow ;
There 's something closing o'er my eyes :
 Farewell ! All farewell now !

THE STAR IN THE EAST.

“Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judæa, in the days of Herod the king, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem, saying, ‘Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the East, and are come to worship him.’”

A STAR is beaming bright,
High in the eastern sky,
And gazing on its brilliant light
Is many an anxious eye.

That Star beams forth a pledge ;
Earth's children's prayers are heard ;
The promised Saviour, Christ, is born !
God hath fulfilled his Word.

On humble couch of straw
Lies Israel's infant King,
And gifts of Gold, Myrrh, Frankincense,
The Eastern Sages bring.

Lowly they bend the knee,
Those men of ancient lore;
With wondering looks of reverence gaze,
As meekly they adore.

Slowly they then depart,
Spread the glad tidings round;—
Throughout Judæa's Palaces,
Lute, Harp, and Cymbal sound.

Their songs of love and joy
The grateful Shepherds raise
To God, their Heavenly Father, who
With mercy crowns their days.

Glad hymns arise from all,
To celebrate His birth,
Who brings Good Tidings of great joy,
Peace and Good-Will on earth!

And will He be their King?
Mighty among the Great?
In regal pomp and glory reign,
With majesty and state?

He comes to bless the Poor;
To teach the thirsting mind;
To guide inquiring, humble souls,
The Heavenly way to find;

To heal the wounded heart,
The drooping form revive;
To soften sorrow's rending pang,
And bid the Dying live!

For this did Jesus come,
To spread the Gospel's light,
To wake the sleeping souls of men
From Sin's dark, gloomy night.

O may we early strive
To love his Holy Word;
With Spirits meek, and fervent Faith,
Trust in our Sovereign Lord!

ANNIVERSARY HYMN.

FOR WARREN STREET CHAPEL.

TEACHERS.

THOU Father eternal, omnipotent, glorious!

All-bounteous Preserver! we worship thee
here;

We thank thee, we bless thee, that thou hast
shed o'er us

Thy love and protection throughout the past
year.

SCHOLARS.

O Lord, thy young servants, with loud accla-
mation,

In strains of thanksgiving would echo thy
praise;

Thine arm has upheld us, O God of creation !
Thy goodness, with blessings, has crowned
all our days !

TEACHERS.

O blest be the hour when we entered the
portal,
To publish his Gospel, who came man to
save ;
To whisper to each youthful, blooming Im-
mortal,
The hopes of a Heaven beyond the dark
grave.

SCHOLARS.

We thank thee, O God, for the kind Teachers
present,
Whose words of instruction have aided us
on ;
Restore to our fond hearts the dearly loved
absent,
To join in thy praise as in days past and
gone !

TEACHERS AND SCHOLARS.

Thou Spirit, Almighty, Undying, Eternal!

**Long, long may thy praise in this temple be
sung!**

**While young hearts are beating, while earth
remains vernal,**

**Let songs and hosannas arise from each
tongue!**

H Y M N .

**PRAISE, praise to the Father! supreme, uncre-
ated,**

**Each spirit before him in reverence bow ;
With blessings deep laden life's bark has been
freighted ;**

O yield the full tribute of thankfulness now !

**Praise, praise to the Father! for his arm has
led us,**

**His cloud and his pillar have guided our way,
With manna, rich manna from heaven, he has
fed us,**

**And illumined our spirits with truth's holy
ray.**

Then bow down before him, unite at his altar,
The heart's humble worship, devout and
sincere ;

Sound, sound forth his praises, in tones that
ne'er falter,

For love, perfect love, casteth out every fear !

The words of our Saviour, our dear elder
brother,

Our guide through the pathway of life ever be,
Who spake as on earth never yet spake an-
other, —

Bring all to the knowledge and true love of
thee.

And may the glad tidings of human salvation,
The Gospel of Jesus, the blest Prince of
Peace,

Be preached through the world to each far
distant nation,

Till Heathen and Pagan God's kingdom
increase !

Then joyfully yield the heart's grateful oblation,
And loud let our mingled hosannas arise;
Ring forth the glad pæan in warm adoration,
Till Angels re-echo the strains from the
skies!

A CHILD'S HYMN.

O HEAVENLY Father, unto thee
Humbly thy children pray,
That thou wilt cause each youthful heart
To seek Religion's way.

Teach us to shun the path of those
Who Folly love, and Sin,
And onward help our souls to press,
A heavenly prize to win.

Strengthen each heart to persevere,
In striving to obtain
That better portion 'bove the skies,
The soul's eternal gain.

When life's shut out, and children meet
Around God's holy throne,
Happy those angel spirits then
Jesus shall call his own!

H Y M N .

WHILE gazing on the brilliant moon,
And lovely, starlit sky,
My thoughts to Heaven and holy things
Turn all unconsciously.

That bright, blue concave arch, who spread
Its softened covering o'er?
Who peopled space with those bright worlds?
A Wise Almighty Power.

The earth's gay carpet, velvet green,
The fragrant flowers we see,
The mellow music of the birds,
Proclaim God constantly.

The gentle, balmy breeze imparts
Feelings of thankfulness,
And leads my heart to Him who gives
Our every happiness.

Thou Glorious Sun! bright type of Him
Who came to shed abroad
The beams of Light and Life and Truth,
And knowledge of our Lord,

Can my soul view thee, and not think
Of Him who came to save?
Bright Sun of Righteousness, who threw
A light e'en round the grave?

Thoughtless indeed must be his heart
Who through God's earth can move,
And see not, in the works he views,
A Guardian Father's Love!

DEDICATION HYMN,

O God, this House of Prayer
We 've humbly raised to Thee :
O may thy guardian care
Forever o'er us be !

On all, each Sabbath here,
Thy holy spirit shed ;
Lead them to worship in thy fear,
In virtue's paths to tread.

May youthful hearts be taught
To understand thy word,
And many souls be early brought
To praise and love the Lord.

Unto each contrite mind,
Thy blessing, Father, give :
O let them humbly seek and find, —
Meekly thy truth receive !

Father, to thee we pray :
Help us to flee from sin,
Watch o'er our spirits day by day, —
Keep conscience pure within.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL HYMN.

O HERE may youthful minds be brought
To love the precepts Jesus taught;
To understand God's word, and tread
The holy path our Saviour led.

O lead our hearts to feel how near
To Heaven we are, while lingering here;
Teach each to know how short the span
On earth of feeble, erring man.

O give us strength to love and draw
Instruction from thy Sacred Law,
And let our thirsty souls receive
That "living water" thou canst give.

Youth's brightest dreams will soon be past ;
Earth's fleeting pleasures cannot last ;
Even as mist before the sun
They fade, and soon life's race is run.

God's promises we 'll trust, and dwell
With pleasure on the words which tell
Of future bliss and joys, away
In regions of Eternal Day.

CHILD'S CHAPEL HYMN.

DEAR Sabbath School! I love it well,
For here of Heaven my Teachers tell,
And strive, with accents gentle, kind,
To lead to God the youthful mind.

The Bible's lessons are explained, —
In Wisdom's ways young hearts are trained, —
Religion's holy truths displayed
Devoid of terrors, pleasant made.

And then in Chapel, O how sweet
The same kind faces 't is to meet!
Whose minds and hearts in love agree,
Like members of one family.

Our Spirit's Teacher, He whose care
Is o'er us all, we join in prayer,
And read with him the Song of Praise
We to our great Creator raise.

O grant my soul may profit by
What here I learn, and humbly try
To practise all the virtues taught,
And keep from error, even thought.

Our Heavenly Father looks with love
On children's efforts to improve;
O'er all he spreads his fostering care,
And hears each humble infant prayer.

THOUGHTS BY MOONLIGHT.

MILD, silvery Moon, that shimest bright
In yonder clear and cloudless sky,
While gazing on thy gentle light,
I think of Him who rules on high ;

Who listens to the humblest prayer
That e'er from infant's lips ascends ;
Who guards us with attentive care,
And to our every want attends.

He bears for us a Father's love,
And keeps us safely day by day;
While, from his glorious Throne above,
He looks on us, so far away.

My God, may I remember thee,—
In all my thoughts thy image find;
O may I ever grateful be,
For thou art always good and kind!

AN ADDRESS,

WRITTEN WITH THE THOUGHT OF READING
BEFORE THE PUBLIC.

O YE who grace this Meeting! Strangers,
Friends!

A rapture to my heart your presence lends!
As round I gaze, and on me bright eyes beam,
I breathe, in fancy, in enchantment's dream!
But no! warm life is flashing from those eyes
That greet the novice with such strange surprise,

That speaks expressive in each glowing face,
And questions, with a sort of wondering grace,
Her advent here, who comes now to rehearse
The thrilling strain of Genius' lofty verse;—
Not with sweet Music's soul-entrancing power,
That throws a spell of bliss around the hour;

That loveliest of the Muses, charming maid,
Divine Euterpe, lends not now her aid ;
But ranged around, though her sweet voice be
dumb,

Have many children of the Muses come.
Here learned Howadjies, savants, men of wit,
With grace and beauty joined, before me sit,
A star-like, radiant band, with lustre bright
Shining in Fashion's galaxy to-night.

O could their thoughts that breathe, and words
that burn,

Who now lie cold in the funereal urn, —
Could He, the mighty Master, deathless name!
Proud Albion's Shakespeare, of immortal fame!
By some weird magic, my poor verse inspire,
And lend a portion of poetic fire, —
Could I the crazed, the meek Ophelia trace,
Her beauty and inimitable grace,
Or bring the fair Cordelia to your view,
That pure embodiment of all most true,
Or win wise Portia, with transcendent art,
To charm for me each listening hearer's heart,

Whose lips, more worthy of a swarm of bees
Than even Plato's, could not fail to please, —
But ah! those sweet creations of his will
Come not to aid me with their matchless skill!
Were mine a Sappho's power, a Helen's grace,
The charms of genius, with the charms of face,
Could I, Prometheus-like, Olympus mount,
Or sip from Castaly's enchanted fount,
Then might my verse with such bright glory
 beam,
That listening Genius would applaud my
 theme!

O that some Friend of Letters now were
 mine!

To smoothe the pathway to Apollo's shrine.
With Plutus' magic gild the rocky road,
That onward leads to Pallas' fair abode.
But Fortune, wayward, fickle goddess, sheds
Her glittering treasures on more favored heads,
And leaves me cheerless on my lonely way;
E'en Hope, young truant, will scarce longer
 stay!

No foreign prestige heralds my *début* ;
A daughter of your city speaks to you !
No laurels from the Old World grace my brow,
To dazzle, charm, and win a triumph now !
No wide-spread radiance of dramatic fame
Plays, with its brilliant halo, round my name !
But here I come, an humble devotee,
Low bending at the Muses' shrine the knee,
Driven, by stern Nemesis and destiny,
Their strains to echo who can never die,
Whose lays have won them immortality !
Daring to strive, and struggling to obtain
Your kind approval, — shall I strive in vain ?
But should no merit shine, your praise to draw,
Give me your hearts, — judge by their higher
law !

THE END.

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